

By Louis Becke
Author of "The Island Wife"

The Shadow.

you hear the calling, Mary, down by the sea?
is it callin', yonder, callin' to me?
A night a shadow came up to the rowan-tree,
Muirnean, it whispered, Muirnean, I'm waiting for thee!"

you hear the calling, Mary, down by the shore?
is it callin', yonder, callin' aore?
A night I came in from the rowan an' shut the door,
some one without kept whisperin' the same thing
o'er and o'er."

you hear the culling, Mary, here, close by?
is it callin', whisperin', here, so nigh?
I me my shawl, Mary, an' don't whimper an' cry;
going out into the night, just to look at the sky."

y—Mary—Mary—waited the wind wearily;
y—Mary—Mary—waited the rain in the tree;
Two! Three! ticked the clock—One! Two! Three!
in the darkness rose the calling of the sea.

PIONA MACLEOD